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THE
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HECATOMB:

Or,
Presbyterian Dinner.

A Zealous Brother, and Geneva true,
Had *Living* quit at Feast of *Bartholmew*,
Shunning *profane Fair-Pig*, 'twere sin to name,
To *holy House* for consolation came:
Adieu was bid to *Publican* and *Sinner*,
And's yearning *Bowels* refreshed with good *Dinner*.
Then, though he were born down by *Hoods* and *Tippets*,
And could not *Gospel carve*, 'twas serv'd in *Sippets*:
While in's long-winded two *How's* *Prayer's* place
They had as large and sanctified a *Grace*;
And *Sermon-lieu* a *Chorus* of his discourse
Was interlarded 'twixt or that or this course,
Good, holy, pious Meditation,
The *Quintessence* o'th' *Revelation*,
Drawn through th' *Reverberatory* of his *Nose*,
Approv'd the *Females weaker Stomachs* to close.
First, the *Saints joys* he thence makes good
Are to them typified by *earthly Food*:
The *crystal River*, and *life-giving Tree*,
With *Fruit* twelve sorts, what other can they be?
'This *Heathens* aim'd at in their *Milky way*,
Their *Heavenly Neectar* and *Ambrosia*.
But when *particular Dishes* he's among,
He handles them alike with *Teeth* and *Tongue*
At tast of *Manchet* he doth erst repeat,
How God his *Children* fed with *finest Wheat*.
But, oh! the *Salt* (for that, be sure, 's in sight;
Cuckolds shan't dine there, though they've greatest right)
Matthew the fifth is streight his ready Text,
Where 'ts *savour* and *no-savour* 's shrewdly vext;
While its *keen Spirit* he exalteth (mark here)
Beyond *Chymical Greek*, or *Doctor Barker*,
And *vogues* the *savour* in it 's to be found,
As if he were *Toll-Master* of the *Sound*;
But when with *holy smack* he wrinkles *Nose*,
Pepper you'd think and *Mustard* did oppose.
But what's *lost savour*, and to *Dungbill* must,
(*Ashes* to *ashes*, *dust* returns to *dust*)
Are *mitred Prelates*, *Deans*, and *Prebends* too,
Profane Choristers, and that *Papal Crew*;
These have no salt indeed, nor *Female itches*,
That's to be found in *Presbyterian Breeches*.
Then at the *Beef* and *Veal*, that would abash man,
He minds them of the *stiff-neck'd Bulls* of *Bashan*;
And how it better is much by the half
To be an *humble, lowly, sucking Calf*,
That *bankers* and *bleats* after *holy Teat*,
Then with the *Bulls* to feed on *Forest-meat*.
But whether *Lamb's* in *season* when 'twas doubt,
'Tis like to *Preaching* (quoth he) in and out.

Then *Peter's* pow'r was *canvass'd* o're and o're,
Whether's *Commission's* larger then before,
When thrice the *Sheep* and *Lambs* he's bid to feed;
But on the place when all seem not agreed,
He *Metaphor* unriddles with quaint *Wit*,
What *Lamb* is meant he tells, and falls to it.
He onely hinted at the *Venison Pasty*
The *Roes* o'th' *Mountains*, they fell on so hasty.
Next at the *Fowl*, green *Plover*, and *Squab Pigeon*,
Partridge and *Pheasant*, *Woodcock*, *Teal* and *Wigeon*,
He bids them think how scarce was *Pigeon's dung*
When that *Samaria* was besieg'd so long;
Talks of the *Dove* and *Cab*, then cries to *Gull*,
"Mercies continu'd to us plentifull."
The sight of *Custard* doth this hint afford,
"Think of the sincere *Milk* of *holy Word*."
Thus as the *Meat's* serv'd in unto his *Wish*,
He feeds and meditates on e'ry *Dish*:
While his discourse thereon so well is took,
It pleaseth more then *garnish* of the *Cook*,
Nor does the *Sawce* want *Proof* from *Scripture-Truths*,
From *Boaz* *Vinegar-Bottle* drawn and *Ruth's*:
When a near-sitting *Sister* doth repeat,
How *Jacob* brought his *Father* *sav'ry meat*.
Then, gorg'd at last up to the *Gullet-brinks*,
He calls for *Grace Cup* to fill up the *chinks*;
Which to him, mingled with quick art and speed,
Being ministr'd by his *Ganymede*,
At few go-downs he empties, and ne're strains,
As if he were to have th' *Bowl* for his pains:
Then froathy *Foam* wiping from *Ecard* o'regrown
(Since *tribulation Barber* it had none)
He to commend it doth as large dilate,
As erst *Stubs* did in praise of *Chocolate*.
At length the lovely *Fruit* invites his *Eyes*
To contemplate a while on *Paradise*.
Then rises *Question* 'bout the *Tree-of-Life*,
Hotly debated 'twixt them scarce sans strife,
What *Fruit* it bore so lovely for to see,
As tempted *Man* first into *misery*:
But that's soon hush'd, for fear *Sister* new-sprung
With *holy Bearn* should sin, and for it long.
Thus gins he *Diner* in the *Revelation*,
And ends it in the first *Creation*:
Whil'st he, perusing o're his *Capon's bones*,
For *Mercies* satning *HIGGAI** *SELAH* tones;
When that did cease, and that his *Tongue* grew dull,
'Twas well concluded, that his *Belly's* full.
Then what next follows, but the *Mystery*,
They should encrease the *Saints*, and multiply

*That word had
the hiccup.